OPINION

DECEMBER 1971

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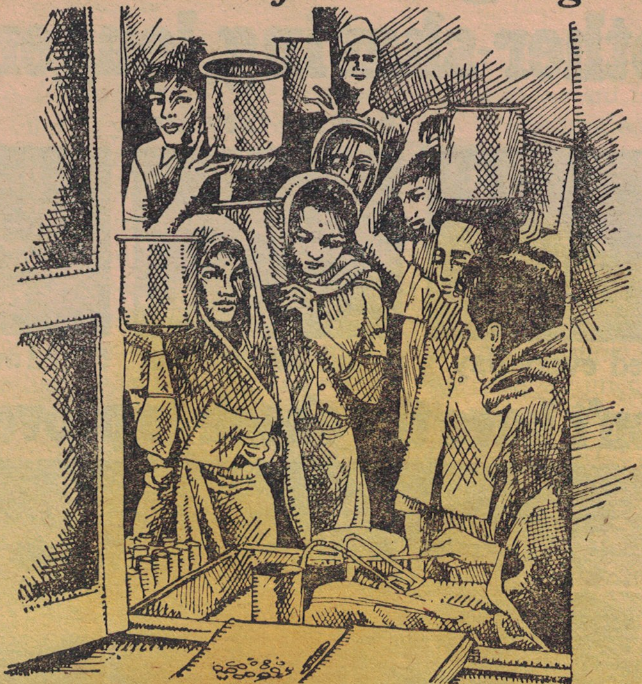

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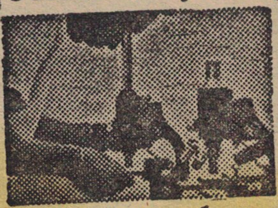
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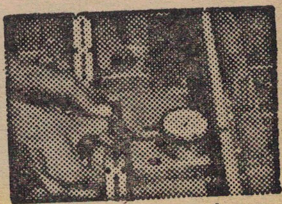
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TO ISSUE NOW

Dear President Bhutto,

It is a week since, following upon the surrender of the Pakistani forces in Bangla Desh, we offered you cease-fire in the West. Your predecessor accepted it and it came into effect immediately. We took this step to show your people and you we did not wish to conquer or disrupt West Pakistan. We had hoped that you in turn would by now have assured us that you accepted the situation in Bangla Desh, recognised the new Government established there and had given up all thought of further aggressive action. The million corpses your forces made, the ten million refugees they caused to flee, snapped for ever the ties between your country and Bangla Desh. A man of your intelligence, we had hoped, would see that at once.

2. Instead from you have come only statements about the indisoluble bond between the two parts of the old Pakistan, and your determination to keep them together anyhow. I note that you have appointed two citizens of what is now Bangla Desh to be members of your own Government, thus further emphasising your intention to insist on Bangla Desh still being part of your country. You have also declaimed about your firm determination to wreak implacable vengeance upon as through renewed war as soon as you are ready.

3. In the circumstances, I must ask you quite plainly, Do you want war or peace? We hoped you had had enough of war and would now settle down to peace. Among us, not only civilians but soldiers abhor war. We turn to it only in the last resort and with very heavy hearts. However, should you want war, say so, and you will find us willing to oblige you in the exercise of our duty.

4. If it is peace you want, say accordingly, accompanying your statement with the assurances I have mentioned in the first paragraph above. Then, I would suggest that within a week your negotiating team and mine meet at any place mutually convenient to settle the terms on which permanent peace can be established between our countries. You have on occasion talked of a thousand years of war with us, I on my part would rather have a thousand years of peace with you.

5. I must tell you frankly that I do not like the present state of affairs, in which you threaten war and enjoy the advantages of a truce. I see no reason why I should sit with hands folded while you make up your losses and prepare to attack me. Consequently if I do not hear from you on the lines of the first sentence of paragraph four above within four days of the receipt of this letter by you, I shall take it that your choice is war and act accordingly.

6. I trust you realise that it is your conduct which will drive me to this action. I regret conflict, but my duty to my country will not permit me to let it be deluded to its great disadvantage. However detrimental the consequences of renewed war to your land, you will be responsible for

them, not I, for it will be you who reject the peace I voluntarily and with goodwill offer.

Cordially yours,
INDIRA GANDHI.

BE STRONG, BE NOT POOR

SAID the Prime Minister to the soldiers and people during her recent visit to the Punjab, We must be strong, We must stop being Poor. To which the more thoughtful of her listeners might well have answered, You must stop Keeping us from being Strong, You must stop Keeping us from being Well off.

What is this nation today ? A client state, not yet quite a satellite, but well on the way to that condition. The principal reason why the people—as apart from the Prime Minister, her Government, and many of her Party, who seem to have special grounds for welcoming clienthood and perhaps even satellitedom—do not feel the present condition to be repulsive, is because they think the country is weak, it needs protection. Why do they think this ? Because its principal opponent, Communist China, has nuclear weapons and it has not. Why has it not ? Because its Government has of set purpose prevented it from having them, despite its undoubted capacity, technically, financially and in every other way, to have them. Why has the Government prevented it having them ? The charitably-inclined may answer, because of pure folly and lask of foresight ; stricter critics may answer, because the personal aims of some in authority would be much less likely to be fulfilled if the nation had adequate nuclear weapons, and needed no protector.

Suppose in March this year, India had had a nuclear arsenal comparable to China—which it would certainly have had if this writer's view over many years had been heeded—would Pakistan have dared to behave in Bangla Desh as it did ? Of course not. There would have been no slaughter of the innocents, no refugee movement, no war. Some may object, if India had built up a nuclear arsenal, Pakistan would have too. To which the answer is even if it had, the fear of India's using its nuclear weapons against it would have prevented it from acting as it did. In all probability, moreover, it could not have ; with its far more meagre resources and skill, to build up anything comparable would have been beyond its means, unless it reduced its expenditure on conventional forces, and consequently, their strength, to insignificance. In any case, it could have presented no real threat to India, a strong independent India, needing no super-power to buttress it.

The whole world-picture would in fact have been different and very much more to India's advantage. The second super-power-on-the-way, standing on its own feet and taking no sides, might well have been a stabilizing factor of great importance. Neither the bombastic Nehru nor

the self-willed Indira seem to have realised this, and of their close advisers, save only Homi Bhabha, what can one say but that they either had no vision or were committed men, committed in the Indirian sense, advising always to please the master ?

And so we are weak, yes weak indeed, despite our recent very natural victory over Pakistan in Bangla Desh, and thus we need a protector to prevent us being pushed around. And the Prime Minister has kindly provided us with a protector, a true King Stork, who, looking forward to having the most tasty tid-bits from us for years and years, and to moulding us after his own fashion, assures us he is our dear, dear friend. And the Prime Minister who has no real objection to the moulding, since she thinks it will make certain her permanent leadership, ("Shape Of Things To Come", 11-8-1970) will not be too reluctant to provide the desirable tid-bits.

But can we not avoid the worst consequences to us of this situation, can we not ourselves still be strong and therefore truly independent ? Yes, we can. If we put forth a mighty effort at once, we can still in three years time very probably catch up with Communist China's nuclear development. We would have to get over the Prime Minister's reluctance, of course, and disregard the no-doubt emphatic protests of the protector. If the people of India were really determined, it could be done, perhaps even with the Prime Minister still in her position, following a readjustment of her thinking and order of personal priorities. But what has to be done, must be taken up immediately. The strongest grip can be broken while the fingers of the hand gripping are not completely closed on the wrist. Once they are, struggle may well be of little avail. Change your Prime Minister's mind then, good Indians, or change your Prime Minister.

For a country to be better-off, its people must know why it is poor. In our case, a large part of the answer is Bad Government. The first requisite for development in any nation is the possession by it of an honest and efficient Government, said a U.N. expert committee some years ago. Now no one can assert with truth that our governments are honest or efficient. Why not honest ? Because of the lack of personal integrity in the rulers. Why not efficient ? Because of the lack of knowledge of what constitutes good government in the rulers. How then can there be development, which means activity leading to the betterment of the condition of the people. When the Prime Minister urges the people not to remain poor she is therefore, whether she knows it or not, urging them to get themselves an honest and efficient government, something very different from her own government.

Not recognising the correct reasons for the persistence of poverty in the country, dishonest and inefficient Governments are apt to take refuge in gimmicks and slogans. They constantly talk of Socialism, meaning by it not the welfare measures that constitute most of Socialism in modern democratic countries, but the ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange by the state, which is the larger part of what, not the Socialist, but the Communist countries, call socialism. The productive enterprises they already own, they run badly over years and make huge

(Continued on Cover III

THE KITCHEN DOOR

And Ramakrishna said 'It is possible. Yes it
is possible by the use of the Tantric method
to attain to Illumination. Even sex used
with dedication leads to the goal. But
why should you choose to enter by the
kitchen door, when the front door
is available?'

Why that 'even'
I have often pondered, good, simple saint,
Mother ridden Mahatma with mouth agape
In Holy awe at Kali's gobs
Offered to suck. Is any man's beloved
Less sacred than your black image;
Flesh less to be desired than anthracite;
Any flea ridden tool less worthy
Of veneration than the caste mark on your forehead?
That kitchen door you speak of has taken me
Half a lifetime to find and behind
Is such a sap and savour that official entrants
And other gentlemen forfeit alive
In the white dusk of their souls: secrets hidden,
Low fires burning on black hearths, smells,
Goings on, the cooking of flesh;
Slaughtered black rams, blood that flows under secret cities,
Tastes of the only fruit, the air heightened
With herbs from the back garden, cow dung,
Gentian and spices from Caucasian markets.

I have been through the front door of the church:
Altars and lilies, candles
Chastened saints withering in time's bower.
Gilt and incense deaden my erection.

I have been in the white cell:
Tiled floors and cooing doves
Breviary and icon unquickened by the sun.
The hermit's stench deadens my erection.

I have been through the official entrance to the monastery:
Low horns and starving Buddhas
Ramrod monks meditating in the half dark.
The abbot's joyful constipation ruined my erection.

No, no my friend, it takes too long this way, besides
The other is more enlivened, come with me
And I will show you as I found it: under

Norton's Hotel at Ranikhet. Come God's fool
Flap eared, ass-bottomed, come through the rose garden
And the kitchen door. See here the Alchemist
And his small fair wife. Be their drudge,
Serve them, and sleep on straw.
And at the mid hour of night that other door will open :
After seven years, your Rachel
Come to claim her unearthly sweets
Of flesh :

Enter my friend, enter.

—K. D. Katrak

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FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS ELSEWHERE

A. G. NOORANI

WE are now beginning to learn anew the age-old lesson that democracy must needs be protected at all times and even against itself ; that a democratic political structure is no guarantee of individual freedom unless it is backed by a public opinion, informed, assertive and vigilant. If Indian public opinion had these qualities the 25th Amendment to the Constitution would not have passed muster.

In facing our predicament we can learn a good deal from others. An excellent guide is *Basic Documents on Human Rights* edited by Ian Brownlie (Oxford University Press ; £2.50 ; paperback $1.75). Published only recently, the compilation is remarkably up-to-date and is a boon to the student. It contains the Bills of Rights of twelve nations—Britain, France, U.S., Canada, West Germany, U.S.S.R., India, China, the U.A.R., Nigeria, Dahomey and Venezuela. The frauds in this odd assortment only serve to invite attention to the genuine ones.

There is, besides, an extensive collection of all the international conventions on human rights including the two elaborate Covenants adopted by the U.N. General Assembly in 1966—one on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights and the other on Civil and Political Rights. The essential difference between Directive Principles of State Policy in regard to matters social and economic and the basic rights of the citizen has, thus, been recognised by the world community as well. All in all the editor Mr. Brownlie, a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, has done a very good job.

On November 24, 1971, yet one more country Rhodesia decided to adopt a Bill of Rights. It is a part of the agreement which the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home negotiated at Salisbury with the Rhodesian Premier, Mr. Ian Smith. The settlement is an unsatisfactory one and hardly bears out Sir Alec's claim that it conforms to the five principles so often proclaimed as pre-conditions to a fair settlement. However, Sir Alec was able to persuade Mr. Smith to accept a Bill of Rights and students of constitutional law will do well to study the document quite regardless of the otherwise unsatisfactory character of the settlement.

The Bill of Rights is entitled "Declaration of Rights". It comprises Appendix III to the Salisbury Agreement and will replace Section 84 of the present Constitution of Rhodesia. (Two more Sections, Section 84A, Section 84B and a whole Schedule are the entire document which is available as a Command Paper from H.M.S.O., Sales Section, U.K. High Commission, New Delhi.) The Declaration is precisely worded and provides interesting points of comparison with Chapter III enbodying the fundamental rights in our Constitution. In some ways, it goes beyond the

latter ; in others, it falls short.

The preamble sets out the rights and states the problem of their limitation in the public interest.

> "Section 84. Whereas it is desirable to ensure that every person in Rhodesia enjoys the fundamental rights and freedoms of the individual, that is to say, the right, whatever his race, tribe, political opinions, colour or creed, to life, liberty, security of the person, the protection of the privacy of his home, protection from deprivation of his property without payment of compensation, the protection of the law, and to freedom of conscience, of expression and of assembly and association ;
>
> AND WHEREAS the exercise of these rights and freedoms should be subject to certain limitations that are prescribed by law and are necessary in a democratic society, being limitations designed to ensure that the enjoyment of the said rights and freedoms by any person does not prejudice the rights and freedoms of others or the public interest."

If any person alleges that a provision of the Declaration has been or is being contravened in relation to him, he may apply to the appellate Division of the High Court "for redress". The Court can summarily reject such as application if it finds it "merely frivolous or vexatious". It is empowered to "make such orders, issue such writs and give such directions as it may consider appropriate for the purpose of enforcing or securing the enforcement of" the rights. An adequate alternative remedy will bar the exercise of this power by the Court. This is not so with us. Also, all existing laws are exempted even if they violate the rights. So, oddly enough, are future laws in re-enactment of laws which have been in force for at least ten years. These are grossly unfair exceptions to make.

The second Schedule to Section 84 embodies the Rights proper. It is much more elaborate in style than our Constitution. For example, the rights to life and personal liberty are substantially the same in content as those defined in the Indian Constitution, save that the requirement of authority of law to curtail these rights is spelt out in detail in the Rhodesian document. The result is that only a law which fulfils *those tests* will be valid, if it curtails the rights, and not *any* law as our Constitution permits. There is provision for preventive detention with comparable safeguards.

However, a person unlawfully detained is entitled to compensation unless it be by an official "acting reasonably and in good faith".

Requisition or acquisition of property is permitted only by authority of law which provides for notice to the affected person and for "payment of proper compensation within a reasonable time". The amount of compensation is determinable by the High Court.

The Declaration protects every person from arbitrary entry into or search of his dwelling home. Perhaps, the most important innovation is the elaborate statement of rights of persons accused of crime. There is no comparable provision in our Constitution. Thus, "a fair hearing within

a reasonable time by an independent and impartial court established by law" is a Constitutional right.

To come to the provision in regard to the all important right to freedom of expression, Section 9 provides:

"(1) Except with his own consent or by way of parental discipline, no person shall be hindered in the enjoyment of his freedom of expression, that is to say, freedom to hold opinions and to receive and impart ideas and information without interference, *and freedom from interference with his correspondence*." This latter right is not to be found in our Constitution.

The style of the document is reflected in this qualifying provision:

"(2) Nothing contained in, and nothing done under the authority of, any law shall be held to be inconsistent with or in contravention of sub-paragraph (1) of this paragraph to the extent that the law in question makes provision—

(a) which is reasonably justifiable in a democratic society—

(i) in the interests of the State, public safety, public order, the economic interests of the State, public morality or public health; or

(ii) for the purpose of—

A. protecting the reputations, rights and freedom of other persons or the private lives of persons concerned in legal proceedings; . . ."

Our Constitution permits "reasonable restrictions" on the right on specified grounds. The Rhodesian document permits a limitation "which is reasonably justifiable in a democratic society". The grounds on which a limitation may be based are similar to ours. The position in regard to freedom of assembly and association is the same.

The American Constitution states the rights alone and leaves it to the courts to spell out the qualifications. The Indian Constitution itself mentions the qualifications, but briefly. The Rhodesian document does so in extreme elaboration. Besides, the Rhodesian rights are as much enforceable against private individuals as they are against the State.

The rights can be suspended during periods of public emergency "unless it is shown that the action taken exceeded anything which, having due regard to the circumstances, prevailing at the time, could reasonably have been thought to be required for the purpose of dealing with the situation in question."

The Declaration of Rights is an impressive document and if properly enforced would give the citizen far greater protection than many an African State affords. Its effect is impaired by the saving of existing laws. But it does make a step forward.

AUTUMN-LEAVES

This is a secret.
Once through a thin shirt
I saw his chest
And all that hair
And, that very night in my dream
The Autumn-winds blew down
From the trees
All their leaves
And I lay on them . . .
Yes, I lay on those smoke-scented Autumn-leaves

BENSON AND HEDGES

A cigarette-butt on the verandah floor
Beside the chair he sat on
Yesterday
Filter-tip and
Another inch, left unburnt
With the letters B & H . . .
Shall I pick it up
Or, shall I with
Legitimate envy
Crush it beneath my feet?

THE FANCY-DRESS SHOW

Every virtue requires today
A fancy dress; the cassock is
The priests' main virtue, the clever
Politician dons a saint's mean
Apparel. The holy ash is
On the legitimate forehead,
And the holy water is in
The right container. Confessions
Are mumbled regularly in the dark.
The patriots have survived their
Long fasts; the children of the poor
Have not been so lucky, we hear.
A pity. The city morgues are
Full of unclaimed cadavers, yes,
God is in his heaven and all
Is right with this stinking world.

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THE SICK ONE

The healthy ones sang songs, took walks,
Made love, and talked all day.
But all that the sick girl did
Was lie on her back and pray.

—Kamala Das

POEM

A green tree in the cold air
Eavesdrops through the glassless window in the wall
Shakes its leafy head
Like a benign elephant.
It reminds me of when
Vinayaka appeared to me
Like a coloured slide projected on vacant air
And said nothing—
Leaving me to formulate the messages.

—P. N.

---

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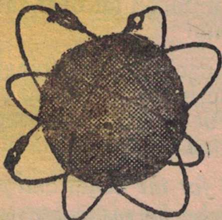

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A-49

KASHMIR AND PLEBISCITE

P. KODANDA RAO

THE Muslim Plebiscite Front in Kashmir and some eminent non-Muslim leaders in India have been advocating that a Plebiscite in Kashmir should be promoted by India in order to settle finally the dispute between Pakistan and India regarding it. Irrespective of all relevant considerations, legal, moral and political and other, it may be examined if a plebiscite is desirable in the interest of the people of Kashmir and India.

Sir Owen Dixon, the ex-Chief Justice of Australia and UN Mediator between India and Pakistan in 1950, feared that an overall plebiscite would create a serious problem of refugee migration and suggested the partition of Kashmir and the limitation of a plebiscite to the Valley only. Mr. Gunner Jarring, Mediator in 1957, said that a plebiscite might give rise to "grave problems", and that the implementation of international agreements years after they were concluded became increasingly difficult as circumstances tended to change by lapse of time. Mr. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada, who visited India and Pakistan in 1957, said that there was some change of thinking about plebiscite which had been proposed ten years ago. If that was so in 1957, it must be even more so over a decade since then. In fact, the *New York Times*, which has been championing Pakistan on the Kashmir issue, discounted plebiscite in 1965 and even President Ayub Khan did not insist on a plebiscite and would consider alternatives.

Pakistan wants Kashmir because of its Muslim majority. It was keen on a plebiscite at one stage because it was sure that an appeal to the Muslim majority in the name of Islam would result in its favour. It made no secret that its appeal would be to Muslim communalism, which no plebiscite administrator would be able to prevent. If Pakistan tells Muslim that a vote for it was a vote for the *Koran* and a vote for India was a vote for the *Kaffir*, most Muslims would have no choice except to vote for Pakistan.

Miss Jennie Lee, the well-known British publicist, said that a plebiscite in Kashmir was certain to fan religious feelings to the point of communal riots which might engulf the lives of millions of innocent people and was an evil to be avoided at all costs.

Dr. Zakir Hussain pointed out that Pakistan's policy towards Kashmir was fraught with the gravest peril to the millions of Muslims in India. A plebiscite in Kashmir would be most dangerous to the innocent people of Kashmir and of India.

In the light of the happenings in East Pakistan recently, it is most unwise to advocate a plebiscite in Kashmir.

(*Continued on page* 18

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DISINTEGRATION OF A LADY AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF HER ARTIST

O lady of honeyed gum stop smiling
insects are pillaging
your heart and
worms write wiggles in your hair

While mildew
grows obliquely on your left eyelid
the right eye looks down at me
through a veil of irony

O lady of lunar crater
your portrait
hangs askew in my mind

O bribe stripped slowly of finery

I stole a Muslim's hennaed beard
from the afternoon sun as
wreath for your skull

My heart
ghost lantern of a sunken ship
I pin to your rib
O my disintegrating collage dame

still you smile and smile
wheeling
the ellipsoid of a moon
outside your face

THE DEAD, THE DYING AND THE WOUNDED

(T.V. colour film: a hospital ship in Vietnam)

How terrible is—
I hear the hiss of a hundred indrawn breaths as one—
is the shrapnel-torn flesh and
pastry shells empty of eyes!
The camera shoves
napalm-twisted limb driftwood into our face;
pusfilled craters and bloody stumps
bloom in colour, as
sea flower under wavery waves are
revealed by a flash bulb in the deeps of hell.
After the film is over,
blinded by the sudden light we blink,

but do we see?
Some smile, titter, as when
caught by the surprise opening of the toilet door by a
stranger on a train.

There is a mined man I mind.
noseless, eyeless, deaf,
inhaling cigarette smoke, ah such pleasure,
his only one,
all the rest, his family and his genitals,
blasted off.
He puffs smoke through his fumarcle.
Beautiful! I salute him.

The winter evenings are so calm.
The sea meadows flower with gulls by day,
stars by night in Bombay, far from Bangla Desh.
We talk about flyblown war wounds and nameless refugees.
Look! Newspaper blow-up: bloated body
pronged on the branches of the flood.
The smell is newsprint.
Safe behind the fine mesh of photographs,
the dead, the dying and the wounded
are powerless to harm us.

—Rosemary Pinto

Continued from page 15)

As regards India's unilateral offer of consulting the people of Kashmir after peaceful conditions were restored and by a plebiscite, Miss Jennie Lee observed that all kinds of promises were often made during wars or immediately after, which, on calmer reflection, were unworkable or undesirable. She recalled that Sir Winston Churchill had, when the Nazi bombers blitzed London, promised to pastoralise Germany after the war, but he was not taunted for not keeping his promise after the defeat of Germany!

The best peaceful solution is to persuade Pakistan to accept the cease-fire line as the international boundary, as proposed by India, and not disturb the peoples who, after much suffering, had settled down on either side of the line. It would be no victory or defeat to India or Pakistan, as each will retain its current share of Kashmir. A change in the cease-fire line may however be brought about as the outcome of the present hostilities between India and Pakistan.

ROUGH AND REAL

GAURI DESHPANDE

IT is perhaps unfair but one rather tends to form an opinion of the merit of a collection as a whole by the impression that a first poem makes on one. The first poem in a collection by a poet one has already liked, assumes an even greater responsibility.

"With Vultures," the first poem in this collection* is illuminating in many ways. It exhibits Mr. Daruwala's power and flaws at once. On the positive side are the exactitude of imagery, the easy, sparsely punctuated flow, the easy-on-the-ear arrangement of vowels and consonants, the unobtrusive, yet effective rhythm and the serious purpose. In the face of this, the flaws would seem niggardly, and so they do, in *this* poem; but gather the weight of an obsessively demanding irritant as they recur in poem after poem. The major one is Mr. Daruwala's desire to eat his cake and have it too. For instance, after the clear and precise image of the vultures and the (rather Jamesean) personal statement:

> Between me and the vultures
> —the scrawny neck, the bald head,
> splayed wingtip edged with black,
> the wing-span 9 feet from tip to tip—
> is something personal

he quite unnecessarily gets carried away by the *image* and loses the force of the 'something personal'. In this manner many otherwise very exciting poems are spoilt through overwriting. The break in this one comes after 'displayed as if in a glass phial' and one is tempted to score out ruthlessly this logical conclusion to the visual image.

The second and equally serious flaw is the frequent recurrence of certain images that suggests an otherwise absent paucity of invention. The images that reiterate with the same symbolic content are claws, talons, iron, ice, snow, fire and those of sudden violence, which seems to have spewed forth from a raw place in Mr. Daruwala's emotions.

As always, with this poet, with a very few exceptions, every poem rewards you with at least one good, coherent, powerful passage. 'People,' alarmingly Browning-ian to Indo-Anglian ears ("It was Roses Roses All the Way"), ends strikingly after 'They who trampled on the words today. . . .' One is reluctant to criticise 'Apparition in April', for it seems to be the poet's favourite (the collection being named after it). However, compared to the control in a similar elegy, 'Fire Hymn', its violence seems too disjointed, its sorrow too unassimilated. 'Pilgrimage to Badrinath' seemed to leave out something very important. The three

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* Apparition in April: Keki N. Daruwala, Writers Workshop, Calcutta, 1971.

exclamation marks brought this fact to notice. What are they there for? To suggest the poet's humour? Detachment? Amusement? It seems to one that Mr. Daruwala has missed altogether the tone of this poem, because it is an 'outside' poem; he has not the faintest idea of what happens *inside* a pilgrim who gets this route. Compare this with the opening pages of *The Serpent and The Rose*, and it will be clear how an internal reportage of a spiritual Hindu journey ought to go.

The next two poems, 'Carvak' and 'Karna', expose a poet's wooly fondness for the so-called underdog. (The last four lines of 'Carvak' are a meagre reward.) Karna's cause is embraced today by many (the liberal, left, black-power ones) who feel that injustice had been done to him. They choose to forget the flaws inhering in his own character, as manifested in the Mahabharata. It may be argued, of course, that the real myth is the one that has become a part of the people's collective consciousness, and not the one which is left in books after pruning and cleaning by scholars. Therefore, if in the people's myth, Karna was the generous, loyal, courageous, more-sinned-against-than-sinning, fellow, so be it. But one wishes that Mr. Daruwala, so excellent with Martin Luther King ('let them not turn him into a myth'), had avoided the sentimental futility of '. . . had Krishna not pressed the chariot cart/one hand-breadth in the mud/how far would the head have rolled?'

As though to console one for the vapidity of 'Karna' and the routine triteness of 'To Writers Abroad', between them comes a totally effective poem : 'Martin Luther King', which says, 'Enough if we say/that life and death for him/were both sustained by meaning'.

'To Writers . . .' (and along with it, others like 'The Leper at the Taj', 'To Gandhi', 'The Old Man of the Sea', 'Snowman') should have been left out. The collection weakens unbearably through such banal cliches. 'Food and Word . . .', otherwise a disappointing poem, has the usual prize in it, starting with 'If only the earth were edible'.

'Triology for Y' is another thoroughly good poem, successfully using the unobtrusive Daruwala device of quietly, adjective by adjective, and image by image, turning the reader inexorably in the direction of his intent. Look at the way 'blind nipples surging towards what ?' and 'the water whisper of the stalactite' and 'a red-rash dawn' prepare one for the betrayal. The curious mixture of sympathy and contempt in this poem is explained almost casually : 'a conquest over a schoolgirl . . .' and 'rape had no time to turn memory yet'.

'Charity', 'Advice to Weak Stomachs', 'Indian Adolescence', 'Love in Meerut', all contain this bitter sympathy which is becoming a mark of Mr. Daruwala's attitude ; an attitude at once involved and outside, wavering between self-pity, violence, bitterness, disgust and reluctant, contemptuous sympathy. His attempts at humour are bound to fail for this reason, and 'Maulvi Saheb' gives up the futile attempt early on. One wishes that 'To Gandhi' had done so as well instead of meandering into facetious flippancy. 'Swastika' is merely confused, whereas 'To fellow Indian Poets' is really not worthy of taking its place with similar pieces in prose and poetry by Mrs. Das, Mr. Katrak, or Mr. Parthasarathy. It covers familiar ground in the now-familiar bitter-pathetic tone.

The last and the least annoyance : an extremely careless proof-reading and a lackadaisical absence of full stops at the end of many poems.

On the whole, a collection worth reading, because it is very much Daruwala, and in this day of uncertainties, should one not be content with so much good poetry, even if it sometimes seems 'more of the same' ? Though it has the roughness of violence it has undoubtedly the reality of emotion ; and technically at least in a forest of haphazard 'free' verse, Mr. Daruwala is hard to fault.

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DURGA BHAGWAT

"SENSE AND NONSENSE" (Shakuntala Paranjpye, Orient Longman, Bombay) is a remarkable book. It will linger long in the memory of quiet thinkers for its thoughtful and provocative quality, and in that of light-hearted readers of all ages for its gaiety and mirth. Shakuntala Paranjpye's pen is sharp but kindly, while her knowledge of modern life is varied and up-to-date. She is a futurist in the sense of caring about the future of the world and its people. "After me the deluge" is not her line. She does not approve of the happy-go-lucky, complacent attitude towards life which many educated young people seem to adopt in our over-populated, under-developed country.

The writer is a shrewd and bold critic of the almost god-forsaken condition of education in our country. She is anxious, she is bitterly angry, she is serious. Far more serious indeed is she than any normal educationist, politician or social worker would be, because being intellectually of a far higher calibre than them, she appreciates in a far more real fashion the harm bad education can do the whole nation.

An ardent social worker, she has devoted the larger part of her life to the materially non-rewarding work of propagating birth-control, as a means to the building-up of an abiding healthy tradition in every sphere. Her enthusiasm for real social progress is unbounded. Her impatience, even her irritability, is clearly visible in her comments on how our men and women fail to cope with the real burning problems of the time. Thus despite the alarming growth of population, they treat birth-control as a secondary matter. The acceptance by our women of an inferior role even in this century and after the Second World War is regarded with amazement by Mrs. Paranjpye. Only by their asserting themselves can there be a sensible life for young couples, whether married or unmarried.

She wants each individual to fight the evil of excessive population growth tooth and nail. But her way of arguing is not that of a propagandist or missionary, devoid of humour and thus likely to get on his hearer's nerves. Far from that indeed is her mode, for she has succeeded in seeing the diverse aspects of every situation in life, and this sense of diversity is the source of the refined humour in her writings.

When people fail to conform to what is regarded as correct behaviour, it is generally taken to be a sign of individual inability or collective stupidity. Our author, however, senses the ludicrous in situations and views socially accepted, and comments on them in a detached manner with subtle and pointed humour, skilfully avoiding any degeneration into irony or burlesque. Unlike most of the humour we are accustomed to in Indian, and especially Maharashtrian writing, which is mainly personal and ironic, the humour in this book is light and full of good sense. The 'Nonsense'

she alludes to is the inevitable ludicrous in all situations that concern the crowd's life. For her this ludicrous element is impersonal though vital, for if there was no nonsense, human life would be both miserable and lacking in quality. This philosophic understanding sustains the smile on human lips even in truly grim situations, and encourages people to accept fellow human beings as they really are. Mrs. Paranjpye has this clean outlook, and so, whatever she wants to tell the reader, even though it be in a monologue, does not bore him, but entertains and cheers him—the situation may be hopeless, but after all life is still full of mirth.

All the essays in the book are naturally not of the same level. The author's account of her parent's is beautifully expressed, the best example of her humour, depth of feeling and capability of laughing at herself and at those near and dear to her. In this she is truly unique. Shakuntalabai's anger and impatience is made evident to the reader in her ruthless analysis of the mistaken attitude of people who do not yet realise that the female sex is the more vital of the two, yet her sense of humour curbs her anger and brings balance to her arguments.

I congratulate the author on this delightful book and look forward eagerly to the valuable reminiscenses which she is so clearly fitted to write.

Continued from page 27)
Prime Minister is tirelessly telling us that the war was waged to defend democratic values. In our anxiety to fight for democratic values in Bangla Desh let us not destroy democracy in India and inevitably drift towards totalitarianism in our own country.

* * * *

Jai Godrej: Our Newspapers dole out such depressing news, day after day, that it was a real pleasure to read Shakuntala Paranjpye's article, *Decency is not Dead* in *Opinion*. My thanks to her for writing the article, to you for publishing it.

* * * *

S. T. Berkeley-Hill: I thoroughly enjoyed "Decency is not Dead" (16-11-1971) by Shakuntala Paranjpye, which is welcome in a world so full of lamentation in our time. I hope that we shall have more such articles—showing that there still are, in this world, especially in India, people of character, who uphold decency as a prime virtue in themselves and in their children. Newspapers, the world over, tend to accent the evil in man—I suppose it expands circulation. Let *Opinion* set an example by showing the other side, because there are many among your readers, who stil believe that all is not yet lost, that man has not yet outplayed his purpose (despite his destruction of his environment) to be on this planet.

RETROSPECT

Past Autumn now, the valley
quietens for winter. Chinars
in copper graveyards unhorsed
chestnuts, poplars bare as rapiers.
Grey pashmina blanket of a sky.

Into this grime stench crowds
and hours of economics, like
infiltrators, into this city
poems arrive from Kashmir.

THE INDO-ANGLIAN

Introspection scared him
Aged him.
He found his complexity embarrassing.

India disturbed him.
A man
he had nothing to do with it.
Yet turning inward
was perplexed to find it there.

Unsettled by this love and hate ;
Love of his thoughts
hate of his words,
he reconciled himself to the fact
that he was mad.

Silent,
he endures the buffeting
praying for a miracle.

—Siddharth Kak

VIEWS

S. D. Gokhale: It may not be too early to consider matters for negotiation with the legitimate Government of Bangla Desh.

The geographical map of India clearly shows that the connection between mainland India and the North-Easternmost parts of India is hair thin. It does not take any expertise to state that it is not very difficult to snap this narrow vital link between the two parts of India, and that China will just do that in any future campaign. There may also arise the possibility of a threat due to strained relations between India and Bangla Desh at some future date.

It is accordingly necessary and mandatory to broaden the area interconnecting West Bengal with Assam. Let me hasten to say that I am *not* suggesting even for a moment that India should grab a chunk of land from Bangla Desh. What I am suggesting is an exchange of land for land to the mutual benefit of both parties. The map shows that the state of Tripura is like a protrusion in the body of Bangla Desh. We should negotiate to exchange part of Tripura State for northern most districts of Bangla Desh, say up to and including the town of Hilli.

I realise that there are a thousand and one difficulties and disadvantages in making such an exchange but securing our connection with Assam and other Hill states should be a concern of a fundamental nature. There is nothing sacred about the present borders. After all these borders are a result of an arbitrary award given by a Briton. We should be flexible enough to consider readjustment of borders even if it involves exchanges of large areas. I am sure Bangla Desh will be happy to have a contiguous streamlined border all around its territory.

It will be foolish to take for granted that our relationship will Bangla Desh will remain happy for ever and ever. Let us conclude a border readjustment pact with it while the mutual relationship is highly satisfactory to both parties.

* * * *

P. S. Sridhara Murty: I am one of those who listened to the Radio talk relayed by the Delhi station of the All India Radio at 9-15 p.m. on 18-12-1971 under the programme feature "Spot Light on Current Affairs". It was highly controversial, being a piece of political propaganda rather than an educative analysis of events. It was more rhetorical than informative. The script was by Mr. Girish Mathur, the Political Commentator of the A.I.R. and the title was "Conflict and Domestic Politics". The same talk was relayed for the second time at about 11.00 p.m. on the same day.

The following points made in that talk call for scrutiny and explanation. *Firstly*, "The big business", "Forces of reaction", and forces "Representing obscurantism" were condemned and were described as "The Internal Enemy", coming in the way of the "Garibi Hatao" mandate

obtained by Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the external enemy being Pakistan supported by China and America. *Secondly,* it was said that "The Democratic procedures" were giving elbow-room to "the big business" and "the reactioneries" and that they were exploiting democratic procedures to bring "pressure" on the Government. *Thirdly,* the qualities of Mrs. Indira Gandhi were described as very different and superior to those of the earlier Prime Ministers. *Fourthly,* it was said, the authority of the Prime Minister had been undermined during the fourth General Elections to the Lok Sabha and *Fifthly,* that Mrs. Indira Gandhi had by her courage restored that authority to the office of the Prime Minister.

The talk was intended to build up the cult of personality and exploit the mood of unanimity that emerged spontaneously during the war, for the suppression of all differences of opinion and opposition to Government —on issues other than defence and war—though there was absolutely no provocation from any opposition quarter and in spite of the firm support that all opposition parties pledged to the Government in its war efforts. It is well-known as to who are the reactionaries, obscurantists and secularists, according to the characteristic logic of the Prime Minister. The Jan Sangh and the Swatantra are respectively obscurantists and reactionaries and the Muslim League is part of country's secular forces.

If Socialists can call their opponents, the liberals, reactionaries, the latter can retort by calling the so-called Socialists fellow travellers. If successful and enterprising industrialists are termed contempuously the big business (though they have been functioning within the frame work of the various laws of the country), the latter can retort at the Trade Union patriots as fifth columnists and trouble causing goondas. I wish the Prime Minister, her party, the Government and its radio were more specific and clear while denouncing those whom they want to denounce.

The hall-marks of democracy are respect for difference of opinion, tolerance towards the views of political opponents, open mindedness and the humility that enables one to see that the opposition's case could be correct. Above all there should be suspension of all mutual provocative political criticism by all the parties and sections during periods of crisis or at times of national rejoicing. The beauty of democracy is that there is no exemption from this rule even for the Prime Minister or the ruling party. In the early sixties finding no suitable arguments to meet Rajaji's objections to Hindi being imposed as the sole all-India official language, Mr. Nehru had said that a cold war was going on in the south on the language issue. Rajaji had then pointed out that by calling honest difference of opinion, cold war, Mr. Nehru posed a threat to democracy.

Was not the Government wrong and the main targets of the ruling party's attack among the opposition, right on the Israel-Arab conflict and the China-Tibet issue ?

The Government and its radio would be committing a crime against democracy if they used the present post-war atmosphere and the hour of triumph for suppressing democratic opposition especially when the
Continued on page 24)

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TEN DAYS IN MULMULBHATA

PERIN H. CABINETMAKER

"JOY BANGLA. Bangla Desh is at last free. All refugees will return to their homelands within two months" so read the newspaper headlines. Will they ? And, all of them ?

In Mulmulabhata most of the 'sharanarthis' pleaded with us to let them settle down in India. Only a stray Bengali here and there stopped us for news from his Sonar Bangla because he wanted very much to go back. How odd to not to want to return to one's homeland, we said to ourselves. During the next ten days we were to observe many more such odd happenings.

Ten days in Mulmulabhata, for us of the fourth batch of students from St. Xavier's College will remain a memorable experience. Things began to happen soon after our army truck, a Spanish Inquisition rack in disguise, turned into the open ground marked "Central Transit Camp, Mulmulabhata, M.P." (Bhata in Madhya Pradesh means a piece of uncultivable land). Our 'rack' halted in front of a neatly laid out row of clean white tents, aglow in the burning hot sun. How odd—such cleanliness and order in a refugee camp. My thoughts went back to the chaos of Kurukshetra and Ulhasnagar in 1947-48. I entered a tent marked 'Camp Commandant' accompanied by a garrulous official of one of the M.P. universities. A stately turbaned figure sat behind a table partially covered with trays of khaki coloured files. His neatly arranged beard, his pink and white complexion and deep-set greenish-grey eyes bespoke calm confidence. One at once felt things could not go wrong under his command. Odd—we were prepared for retired dithering army officers trying to lend a helping hand. One was not supposed to expect too much from them—these old dears, God bless them. After the verbose Assistant Registrar had finished trying to impress him, the Commandant turned his calm gaze upon me half expecting a similar performance. When I kept silent he said, "Mulmulabhata is recently opened because Chakrabhata about 30 km. away is overcrowded —nearly 50,000 refugees. So all trains from the border camps are now diverted to Mulmulabhata. I was asked to plan this camp for 50,000. Although we are not quite ready yet, we have already received 4 refugee trains, each had about 1,500 refugees. I need your help in preparing ration cards for them and to receive them at the station. My assistant, Mr. Ganguli will show you to your quarters. Kindly report for duty at 4 p.m." A tall young man fresh from college helped us to reach our huts made of bamboo mats, identical to those given to the refugees. The floor was loose red 'matti', stuff we must have consumed by the cart-load during our ten-day stay. Our guide, though young in age, was an experienced hand. He had already worked with his 'Colonelsahib', as the Camp Commandant was affectionately called by his staff, in Allahabad at the

Iradatganj camp. The 'Colonelsahib' Lt.-Col. H. S. Mahal had organised that camp with such efficiency and foresight that it was considered a model camp. The BBC had prepared a T.V. film of the camp. His staff was upset when Col. Mahal was transferred to M.P. to build the Mulmulabhata camp. Some of them joined him and Ganguli felt proud of the trust and confidence the Colonelsahib had in him. They, his old staff, wanted to help him build another Iradatganj in M.P. How odd—to meet in this remote corner of India men devoted to duty and with such high sense of purpose. I was rudely shaken out of my musings by a truck which seemed to have materialised from nowhere—and I had become somewhat allergic to army trucks. "Fish, fresh fish" informed our guide. Our head girl raced towards it to get some fish for dinner. Our lunch had not been particularly palatable, boiled chana and fresh tomato salad with bread. But she returned empty-handed. How odd—where did the refugees get money to buy fish—at Rs. 3 a kg.

"You see the Bengalis love fish" our guide observed. "So, when the Colonelsahib found some fishermen among the refugees, he made arrangements in a pond nearby to breed fish. He started a Fishmen's Co-operative. We supply the truck, net and other equipment. Profits are shared by the fishermen after contributing towards a reserve fund for equipment, etc. The initial capital of Rs. 100 came from one of the refugees. You will meet him. He is in Block I. Of course the loan has been repaid with interest." Later when I expressed appreciation of the scheme Colonelsahib simply smiled and said, "You see I am a farmer—so I try to solve these problems farmer-fashion." How odd—our image of retired army Colonels somehow blundering through their tasks began to recede further and further.

At 4 p.m. we reported for duty. We were asked to check lists of refugees supplied by the border camps with the lists prepared hutment-wise by the Mulmulabhata camp staff. The lists did not tally. We had to inform the Colonelsahib accordingly. "My aim is to get the best out of the worst—I have to. I have no choice. I have to make do with an inefficient staff, locally recruited. They have been taken on mainly because they speak Bengali. In M.P., especially here in Bilaspur there is a sizable Bengali community. That is why I need your help." How odd—did not the Bengalis feel like doing their mite for their distressed Bengali brethren ? Were they working for money alone ? And even then could they not try to at least earn their salary ?

Early next morning Colonelsahib paid us a visit accompanied by his second-in-command and shared a cup of tea with us. He wanted to know about our mess arrangements. We admitted we had failed to get the fish —and none in our group was much of a chef, so it was not such a loss after all. We had tin provision, soup cubes, fresh tomatoes and sour limes, old bread and some rice and dal, and had arranged for our afternoon lunch from a "hotel" across the road, in Mulmula village. Anyway we had not come to the camp to eat, we wound up. The Colonelsahib moved on, continuing his round of the camp. A little later while we were busy in our various duties, Ganguli brought a note, an invitation to lunch with the

Colonelsahib. Could we help Col. Mahal dispose of the fish as it was a Tuesday and on Tuesdays he did not eat fish. The lunch put an end to our mess problem. In a most unassuming manner, he tactfully offered us the services of his cook. How odd—Camp Commandants were supposed to be remote beings hidden inside their tents, to be met by appointment only. Ours was all concern not only for the refugees but us too, who had come to help. We vowed to work morning, noon and night.

Our morning began with a substantial breakfast prepared by Joseph, Colonelsahib's cook. We then attended parade held outside the Camp Commandant's tent and received our instructions for the day at a charming little ceremony. "This is our morning prayer" Colonelsahib confided.

We were given every opportunity to mix with the refugees. We went to receive them when they arrived from the Banpur camp, somewhere in the border area. At first they hesitated to alight from the trains. For a long while they looked at us. When reassured by what we said through our interpreter, Tapas Mukerjee, they gingerly made their way to the platform, bundles of clothes, firewood or empty tin cans on their heads. Some were too ill to get down, there were a few dead, there were some expectant mothers who had to be rushed to maternity homes, in ambulances provided by the UNICEF and other organisations. The receiving centre was some distance from the camp as the station was about 12 km. away from the main camp. Mulmulabhata in a way had two camps, one at the station and the other, the main camp. All the refugees were inoculated and given a dose of typhoid-cum-cholera injection. As there was only one trained nurse and an assistant, we helped give injections and write out meal forms, till they could be given permanent ration cards. We gave them food and sent them in buses to the main camp. However, as the buses were few, about 4 in all and the refugees at least 1,500, utter confusion reigned for a while till young Tapas Mukerjee went round with his loud-speaker shouting himself hoarse and order was restored. Mukerjee, a young science graduate, was also Colonelsahib's Iradatganj man. The trains had a knack of arriving either when one sat down to lunch or at 2 a.m. when in the cold chilly night one wanted to sleep under a pile of blankets. On one occasion young Mukerjee was on his feet with his loudspeaker from noon till late midnight. He had had no lunch nor dinner. He made do with cups of tea. He shivered in the dry biting cold till he reached the main camp next morning. Our group too took turns in helping the staff at all hours of the day and night. The little tea-stall at the station helped keep every one alive and cheerful.

Most of the refugees, about 8,000 in all came from Jessore, Kushtia and Pabna. They were illiterate save for a handful and had led a rather hard life. They freely admitted they hardly had a square meal in East Bengal. When we helped fill in the declaration forms which were necessary for preparation of ration cards, we came to know most of them were scheduled caste and had worked as sweepers, labourers, fishermen, hawkers and a few as small tradesmen. Out of these 8,000 about 500 were Muslims. On the Id day Colonelsahib arranged a special prayer to which a moulavi from Bilaspur was invited. Afterwards they had 'sevayinya'. They were

also given special rations. Quite a few of the scheduled caste refugees declared themselves Muslims and collected new clothes distributed by the Bilaspur Muslims. We also met refugees who had non-existing family members mentioned in their ration cards. Odd—now that they had found security they wanted to exploit those who gave them shelter. "Madam, do you realise, on an average we spend Rs. 3 per refugee" pointed out the Colonelsahib. "Please bring these cases to my attention."

We did. We also told him of a white-clad tall refugee who complained the milk we gave for her child was very thin. She had such rich thick milk in her Bangla Desh. Then there was a refugee who felt herself not of the crowd as she was a Brahmin and when offered work, light kitchen duties, she said she would consider the offer if the pay was good. From morning till night, men and women, loitered around, busied themselves with cooking, eating and chit-chatting. Some asked for work, some offered to help us when they saw us work, some opened little vegetable and "kiriyana" stalls—but the majority seemed content to collect rations, cook and eat.

They could not be bothered to even bury or cremate their dead. Some just left them by the roadside. Relatives did not even own the dead when they passed away in the camp hospital. How odd—could suffering have benumbed all their feelings? Perhaps it was their prolonged stay in the border camp that had sapped life out of them. On an average each refugee had spent about seven months in the Banpur camp.

The little life that we did see was in the children, a few kind-hearted refugee men and women, a Bengali poet and a group of musicians who entertained us at a farewell function arranged for us by Majorsahib, the second-in-command.

Children and young boys and girls surrounded us wherever we went. Our group presented them with a volley-ball set and had friendly matches with them. Our boys helped them prepare the ground. They wanted work. They wanted to continue their education. Little girls cleaned our quarters, washed our clothes and did all odd jobs. Most of them were with their parents but there were also a large number of widows. Some had lost their husbands in the 1947 riots and a few had seen their husbands shot dead by Pak troops.

Most of the refugees had been literally burnt out of their hearth and village. Their homes were set on fire. Some had been bombed out of their towns while a few had just run away out of fright when they heard bullet-shots. Some had been severely injured, but most had escaped unharmed. Some had even managed to bring their transistors. But there were those who had lost everything. Little seven-year old Mamata and her five-year old brother Deepak had seen both their parents die, the father from a Pak bullet and the mother from dysentery in Banpur camp. The children were suffering from severe malnutrition when they were shown to the camp doctor. Our group made suitable arrangements for them with a kind-hearted widow who had worked in Kushtia as an ayah. They had scarcely a rag on their dark blotted bodies. Their solemn little faces

(Continued on Cover III

Continued from page 31)
wrinkled into smiles when given a few woollies and some clothes for daily wear. Odd—in that whole group of 8,000 refugees most of them with at least six to eight children of their own, none bothered about these two. When Colonelsaheb came to know of them he volunteered to adopt them. How odd—a stranger should succour the orphans while their kith and kin used the children's ration cards and let them wander about the camp like stray cattle.

Ten days in Mulmulabhata was a revelation. Nine million refugees could never have found shelter, sustenance and security but for the dedicated service of the army. The army personnel alone could combine discipline with humanity. They could and did get things done. The refugees felt safe under them. We no longer thought it odd some refugees preferred to stay in India.

Continued from page 5)
losses. Yet they eagerly take over well-run profit-making private enterprises to increase their own power. Generally they lose money on them, thus making the country not richer, but poorer. The policies pursued by such governments in economic matters also often militate against increase of national wealth. To say to the earner of five lakhs a year, keep only fifty-five thousand yourself and give up four lakhs forty-five thousand to Government, is to say to him, don't earn five lakhs or earn five lakhs and show you have only earned three or less. The priorities of such governments are frequently quite wrong. To problems that really matter such as population growth they do not attach the importance they deserve.

The whole subjects has been dealt with before ("Why Are We So Poor?" 27-4-1971). That our country, rich in resources, physical and human, is held back economically by bad governments and the stupid policies that emanate from them, there can be no doubt. If you would have us less poor, if you would have the country richer, the national income rising by a high percentage every year, the individual income rising almost proportionately, let the Government be honest and efficient, Prime Minister. Everything else will follow from that. Dishonest and inefficient government can make some people poorer and some richer, but the country itself will almost always be poorer because of it, the people less well off and more unhappy.

Continued from page 31)
wrinkled into smiles when given a few woollies and some clothes for daily wear. Odd—in that whole group of 8,000 refugees most of them with at least six to eight children of their own, none bothered about these two. When Colonelsaheb came to know of them he volunteered to adopt them. How odd—a stranger should succour the orphans while their kith and kin used the children's ration cards and let them wander about the camp like stray cattle.

Ten days in Mulmulabhata was a revelation. Nine million refugees could never have found shelter, sustenance and security but for the dedicated service of the army. The army personnel alone could combine discipline with humanity. They could and did get things done. The refugees felt safe under them. We no longer thought it odd some refugees preferred to stay in India.

Continued from page 5)
losses. Yet they eagerly take over well-run profit-making private enterprises to increase their own power. Generally they lose money on them, thus making the country not richer, but poorer. The policies pursued by such governments in economic matters also often militate against increase of national wealth. To say to the earner of five lakhs a year, keep only fifty-five thousand yourself and give up four lakhs forty-five thousand to Government, is to say to him, don't earn five lakhs or earn five lakhs and show you have only earned three or less. The priorities of such governments are frequently quite wrong. To problems that really matter such as population growth they do not attach the importance they deserve.

The whole subjects has been dealt with before ("Why Are We So Poor ?" 27-4-1971). That our country, rich in resources, physical and human, is held back economically by bad governments and the stupid policies that emanate from them, there can be no doubt. If you would have us less poor, if you would have the country richer, the national income rising by a high percentage every year, the individual income rising almost proportionately, let the Government be honest and efficient, Prime Minister. Everything else will follow from that. Dishonest and inefficient government can make some people poorer and some richer, but the country itself will almost always be poorer because of it, the people less well off and more unhappy.

OPINION

Vol. XII | 28th DECEMBER 1971 | No. 35

CONTENTS

To Issue Now	3	
Be Strong, Be Not Poor	5	
The Kitchen Door	6	K. D. Katrak
Fundamental Rights Elsewhere	8	A. G. Noorani
Autumn Leaves; Benson and Hedges; Fancy-Dress Show; Sick One	11	Kamala Das
Kashmir and Plebiscite	15	P. Kodanda Rao
Disintegration of a Lady as seen through the Eyes of Her Artist; The Dead, the Dying and the Wounded	17	Rosemary Pinto
Rough and Real	19	Gauri Deshpande
Enjoy and Learn	23	Durga Bhagwat
Retrospect ; the Indo-Anglian	25	Siddharth Kak
Poem	12	P. N.
Views	26	Gokhale, Murthy, Godrej Berkeley-Hill
Ten Days in Mulmulbhata	29	Perin H. Cabinetmaker

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